Vol. II. Numb. 49.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Friday September 9th. to Wednesday September 14th. 1709.

Q. *WHAT is meant by the deep in* Luke 8. Ver. 31.

A. That the word, *Deep*, ſignifies *Hell*, or the Place *Prepar'd for the Devil and his Angels*, where'er it be, is plain from the uſage of the Original Ἄβυσσος in other places of Scripture. And He, who reads *Rev.* 9. *Ver.* 1. 2. 11. (where is the ſame word in *Greek*, tho' differently rendred in our Tranſlation) cannot poſſibly Demur to it. In 2 *Pet.* 2. 4 we read, *God ſpar'd not the Angels, that Sin'd, but caſt them down into Hell.* Now the *Greek* Original ταρταρώσας, *caſt down into Hell*, is deriv'd from the word τάρταρος, *Tartarus*, which imports a very Deep place, an Abyſs, or a Bottomleſs Pit, as the word Ἄβυσσος is tranſlated in the foremention'd Paſſages of the *Revelations.*

Q. *Gentlemen, In your* Supernumerary Paper *for the Month of* March, *I happen'd to ſee a Queſtion was partly my own Caſe, to which You gave a very pleaſing Anſwer, that encourag'd me and made me think you would give your ſelves the trouble of a full Solution to mine. The Caſe is this, I am often in ſome Company, who unjuſtly reflect upon a Young Lady, a Neighbour. But who are thoſe Company? even a Mother and near Relations, whom ſome Inſinuating Perſon (I fear a Malicious forſaken Maid) has made it her buſineſs to poſſeſs 'em with ſuch Falſities that they will never be diſpoſſeſs'd of. Now I deſire to know, when I hear the Lady abuſed (as it ſhocks my very Soul) whether I may not juſtly ſpeak in her Behalf, when I as well as others her Friends are perſuaded that her very Mind is Pure and Undefiled (which is not ſo very common) and the reaſon of their ſpeaking againſt her is her want of Money, tho' She has a Competency. The ſooner, Gentlemen, your Anſwer comes, the ſooner I ſhall be at Eaſe, for your convincing Arguments will be mine and their Rule.*

A. Since you have ſo much Confidence in the Lady's Vertue, if your Confidence be grounded on a rational foundation, you are not only Allow'd, but even abſolutely Oblig'd to Vindicate her Tainted Honor. A Vertuous Woman prefers her Reputation to even Life it ſelf. We wou'd therefore put the Queſtion to you, whether, if She were aſſaulted by Cruel and Blood-thirſty Men, you wou'd not ſeverely reflect upon your ſelf, as Inexcuſably Deficient in your Duty, if you ſtood by as an Unconcern'd Spectator, if you endeavour'd not to defend and reſcue her, as far as were Conſiſtent with the Principles of Common Prudence. If her Friends therefore are Careleſs to Deliver her *from the Strife of Tongues*; of Tongues, that Wound Deeper than Pointed Swords, may She not take up the Lamentation of the Prophet, with an Alteration of the Melancholy Complainant; *I weep ſore in the Night, my Tears are on my Cheeks; among all mine Acquaintance I have none to comfort me; all my Friends have dealt Treacherouſly with me, they are become my Enemies.* For in ſuch a Caſe as this, They, who plead not in her behalf, do, as it were Accuſe her; They, who are not her Advocates, Condemn her. But if you are no Particular Acquaintance of the Lady's, yet, as She is your Fellow Creature, your Humanity Commands you to ſuccour her; as She is your Fellow Chriſtian, your Chriſtianity lays a Double Obligation upon you to Protect her; as She is a Vertuous Lady, the common cauſe of Vertue will not ſuffer you to Neglect her. For Vertue, Vertue in Diſtreſs ſeems to Apply her ſelf to All, that have any knowledg of the Lady's Merit, in theſe Pathetical, theſe Perſuaſive Terms, Who is on my Side, Who? Were your own Vertue to be call'd in Queſtion, wou'd you not labor to Vindicate your Innocence? Undoubtedly you wou'd. And yet your very Duty to God himſelf (for is it not one of His Commandments?) obliges you to *Love your Neighbour as your ſelf.* Are we not Ungenerous? Nay, are we not Uncharitable (for Generoſity advances beyond common Charity) are we not both Ungenerous and Uncharitable too, while we tamely ſuffer the Malicious barbarouſly to inſult Diſtreſſed Innocence? Conſider therefore, that while you endeavour to Defend the Injur'd Lady, as Unwilling, that her Enemies ſhou'd Lay her Honor in the Duſt, you at once Diſplay the Man, Exemplify the Chriſtian, Teſtify your Charity, Witneſs your Generoſity, Evidence your regard for the Cauſe of Vertue, and Diſcharge that Comprehenſive Epitomy of the Goſpel, your Duty towards God and

your Duty towards your Neighbour. Conſider this, ſeriouſly Conſider this, and then Forbear to Defend her, if you Can.

Q. *What are Incommenſurable Magnitudes, and how do they prove Infinite Diviſibility?*

A. Incommenſurable Magnitudes are ſuch as have no common Meaſure. For inſtance; there is no meaſure, which is exactly ſo many times contain'd in the Side and Diagonal of a Square. For if the Side contain exactly ſo many Feet without any Remainder, yet, when you have taken out all the Feet contain'd in the Diagonal, there will be a Fraction or a Part of a Foot left. And thus, if you take any other Meaſure, whether Leſs or Greater than a Foot, the ſame Phænomenon will occur.

And that the Side and Diagonal of a Square are Incommenſurable to one another, is Demonſtrable by the Laſt Propoſition of the Tenth Book of *Euclid's Elements*. And ſo Celebrated a Theorem was this among the Ancient Philoſophers, that Dr. *Barrow* obſerves of *Plato*, that He ventur'd to Aſſert, that Perſons Ignorant of ſo famous a Propoſition were not Men but Brutes.

And yet, if there were no ſuch thing as Infinite Diviſibility, no Magnitudes cou'd be Incommenſurable. For then an Indiviſible Point wou'd be the Common Meaſure of the foreſaid Side and Diagonal of a Square. For if an Indiviſible Point were not Exactly ſo many times Proportionably contain'd in both, it follows, that there wou'd be a Fraction or Part of an Indiviſible Point left in either one or both. But this is contrary to ſuppoſition of Indiviſible Points. For to have Parts and to be Diviſible are Terms Synonymous. And thus we ſee, that Infinite Diviſibility is founded on Another Demonſtration beſides thoſe, we before Alledg'd.

Q. *Whether the World be in a* Place?

A. We ſuppoſe, that the Queriſt means by the *World*, not what is Vulgarly ſo call'd, but what Aſtronomers intend by it.

Place is Diſtinguiſh'd into Abſolute and Relative. Abſolute *Place* is that Part of Space, or of Infinite Expanſion, which is Occupied by a Body, which is plac'd in it. From which Definition of Abſolute *Place* it is Obvious, that the World is in *Place* as Abſolutely conſider'd. Relative *Place* is that Apparent and Senſible *Place*, which has it's Dependance on our Senſes, with reſpect to the Scituation of one Body to Another. Now, whether the World be in *Place* as Relatively conſider'd, the foreſaid Definition readily determines.

Q. *Whether the Ancients Knew, that the Milky way was compos'd of Vaſt Numbers of Minute Stars?*

A. Their Ignorance of that gave occaſion to the Poetical Deſcription of the Milky way. But however the Ancients were generally Ignorant of it, yet *Gaſſendus* obſerves from *Plutarch*, that *Democritus* Conjectur'd it. And indeed the Moderns cou'd arrive no further than a Probable Conjecture, were it not for the admirable Invention of the Teleſcope.

Q. *Gentlemen, What is the Product of Ten Shillings, Multiplied by Ten Shillings?*

A. Ten Shillings Multiplied by Ten Shillings Produce Five Shillings. But many Perſons, who are Unacquainted with Fractional Operations, are not readily convinc'd of this. For,

Say they, does not 10 multiplied by 10, or ten times ten make an Hundred. To which we anſwer, that 10 Integers (or whole Numbers) multiplied by 10 Integers undoubtedly make 100. But ten Shillings are not ten Integers, but ten Fractions; they are $\frac{1}{20}$ or ten twentieths of a Pound. And therefore no wonder, that ſuch Perſons make ſo much of 10 *s.* multiplied into 10 *s.* ſince they Multiply the Figures as what they are not, namely, as Integers, inſtead of what they really are, namely, Fractions. But we ſhall further ſhew, how abſurd it is to Imagin, that 10 *s.* multiplied into 10 *s.* make 100 *s.* or 5 *l.* for 1 Pound multiplied into 1 Pound makes but 1 Pound, ſince 1 time 1 is 1. But if 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* make 5 Pounds, it follows, that two ſmaller Sums Multiplied into one another produce a Sum five times larger than two other Sums of Double the Value are able to Produce; which ſure is an Unimaginable abſurdity. Since therefore 1 Pound Multiplied by 1 Pound produces but 1 Pound, no wonder, that 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* produce but 5 *s.* and not 100 *s.* For whatever two Figures be Multiplied into one another, the Product will be four times greater than the Product of Half of the *Multiplicand* Multiplied by Half of the *Multiplicator*, as any one may readily experience. If therefore 1 Pound Multiplied by 1 Pound produce but 1 Pound, it follows, that 10 *s.* Multiplied by 10 *s.* produce but $\frac{1}{4}$ or a fourth part of a Pound; that is, 5 *s.* We have dwelt the longer upon this, becauſe (as is obſerv'd above) ſuch Inſtances Nonplus abundance of Perſons Unskill'd in Fractions.

Q. *Whether Women have any Souls, becauſe they are deny'd to all Inſenſible Creatures? And in my Opinion a Woman and a Gooſe are ſo near Relatives, that if one is allow'd to poſſeſs it, t'other cannot Poſſibly ſuffer a Privation. Yours,* Paſcalogus.

A. It may as well be queſtion'd whether Men have Souls, ſince there be many Women wou'd make meer Ganders of ſuch wiſe Queriſts.

Q. *Gentlemen, I formerly deſir'd to know of you whether it were poſſible to gain the favor of a patent, for the ingroſſing the execution of an Invention, without diſcovering the Method,* &c.

A. A Patent may doubtleſs be gain'd (at the uſual Expence) for a Project, which will tend to the good of the Publick, provided it be entirely New, and not a bare improvement on another's Invention; nor will you be oblig'd to diſcover any ſecret further than to give Satisfaction, that it will merit the Privilege. The Method of obtaining one, is not a Subject proper for the Publick.

Q. *Gentlemen, The* Female Tatler *in* No. 27. *reflects on your Ignorance in Muſick, becauſe your inſert not the Baſe,* &c. *which makes ſome fancy the Author loſt his Eyes by the diſcipline of a Cane he met with, for abuſing the Deputy and his Daughters in* No. 24. *or elſe he had certainly ſeen in your Papers, where all other Parts were to be had at the ſame time; but for him to reflect on your Phyloſophy, inclines ſome to believe he wou'd be beg'd, were it not known that his Prudent Father prevents the Temptation.*

A. Tho' we ſhou'd be ungrateful to our Friends to conceal their Remarks on him, yet (as we ſaid before) we muſt deſire to be excus'd from concerning our ſelves with him.

POEMS.

Q. *YE're deeply learn'd, and therefore I preſume*
To ask, if in this World's Withdrawing-room (room,
I mean the Grave, can there be Knowledg found,
To tell if Friends or Foes our Corps ſurround;
If not, then Sirs, I crave the Reaſon why,
So many Mortals when they come to Dye,
Deſire ſo much by their Old Friends to lye.

Gentlemen, I am Yours, &c.

A. No Friendſhip there, no mutual Flames are fed,
Nor knowledg in the Chambers of the Dead;

Bnt

But thus (to ſhew our Paſſion, whilſt alive,
And wiſh we Immortality cou'd give)
To our ſurviving Friends we leave the Care
And Charge, our Aſhes may be mingled there,
That ev'n our lateſt Thoughts may teſtify,
Cou'd we preſerve it, *That ſhou'd never dye.*

Q. *I, who of late ſung of Misfortunes dire,*
Being immerg'd in gloomy black Deſpair,
Tormented by Alternate Paſſions, rais'd
From Diſappointments and neglected Love.
Now by a happy turn of Fate exult,
Crown'd with the Smiles of Fortune and the Fair.
Rambling by chance under a gloomy Shade
Of Silvan Bays and twining Myrtil mix'd,
I found Dulcetta (*darling of my heart*)
Supinely laid upon the Verdant Graſs.
With Adoration I approach'd the Nymph,
And with ſubmiſſive awe my Vows expreſs'd,
In ſofteſt Accents I my Flame diſclos'd,
Told her how long, how faithfully I lov'd.
At length the tender Maid *with wiſking Eyes,*
Her Snowy Breaſts heaving with melting Sighs,
Sunk in my Arms, declaring She allow'd
Toreſmond's *Flame, and bluſhing own'd She Lov'd.*
Hail! Tuneful Bards, *who in reviving Lays,*
Oft dein'd to ſooth the anguiſh of my heart;
Now plung'd in Joy, which like a Torrent rolls,
In ſwelling Surges o'er my raptur'd Breaſt.
Say, how ſhall I theſe Joys retentive make,
Secure theſe Tranſports, this Extatick Bliſs,
And ſo poſſeſs them, that if Time or Fate,
Should change the Scene, or put a Period to
My pregnant hopes (which O ye Powers avert !)
I may with Reſolution firm ſuſtain
The cruſhing weight, and bravely ſtand the Shock
Of Adverſe Fortune and deſpairing Love.

A. Ne'er let Imagination ſtretch beyond
The nature of frail Sublunary Joys.
Weigh how uncertain at the beſt they are,
How ſoon from us, or we from them are ſnatch'd;
How ſuddenly a ſullen Hour may come,
In which depreſs'd, they'll vaniſh from our Eyes;
Nay, that ev'n whilſt we in Poſſeſſion are,
Each Moment they are dying on our Hands,
Since ſtill the more we taſte, the more is paſt;
Prepar'd thus, like a Rock you'll firmly ſtand
Againſt th' Inſults of ſiniſter Events,
Tis that which does Surprize, which does Suppreſs.

Q. *A Fortnight ſince I pick'd up in the* Park,
A Wench, when (as you'll gueſs) 'twas wondrous dark;
For when in Morn I from the Nymph aroſe,
I found her Ugly, Old, and 'thout a Noſe,
Now to be mortify'd thus in my Prime,
D' ye think it not Attonement for the Crime?

A. The ſight of her, not leſſer Faults attones,
But when you find Compunction in your Bones;
When the Effects have brought you to the Plight,
Of no more Uſe by Day, than Eyes by Night,
You may repent, prompt by your Crazy State,
And yet perhaps you may repent too late.

On the Female Tatler's *Affronting the* BRITISH APOLLO.

LET Tatling Goſſip, from conceal'd Abode,
Spit forth her Venom like an angry Toad,
Apollo's Offspring ſoar aloft, too high
To be concern'd at Fiſh-wife Ribaldry.
What makes thee with ſuch Pride, high Birth aſſume?
Thou art a Match beneath *Apollo's Groom.*
'Tis Gentle Language gains a Well-bred Name,
But thy Imployment's daily to defame;
Purſue thy Scandal, feeble Spight diſcloſe,
The Slander only does thy ſelf expoſe;
So, with rebounding force a Marble Wall,
Returns the Shot to him, who ſent the Ball.

V. S.

Gentlemen, Be ſo Generous to an Enemy as to admit into your Paper a few Lines in Commiſeration of C——pe's *Misfortune, which She lately ſuffer'd on account of her abuſing the* Deputy, *&c.*

TO Thraſh Madam C——*pe* was moſt uncivil,
But, *juſt dub'd with Gentry*,——that's ſurely the (Devil;
Where were the brave Sparks her Tea-Table ſur- (round,
Her Beaux and her Bells, what not one to be found?
To reſent an Affront, was too groſs for a Punk,
Unleſs at the ſame time confoundedly Drunk.

You'll ſay She is ſome Mother *Mab* in Diſguiſe,
Train'd up from her Birth in Abuſes and Lies;
Or elſe you may think by her ſcurrilous Tongue,
From *Billingſgate*, *Bridewell*, or *Newgate* She ſprung;
Admitting all this (as it ſeems pretty plain)
Regard to her *Sex* might have warded the *Cane.*

But others will ſwear that this wiſe Undertaker,
By Trade's an *At——ney*, by Name is a *B——r*,
Who rambles about with a Female Diſguiſe on,
And lives upon Scandal, as Toads do on Poyſon;
But does it ſo Coarſely, with ſuch an ill Face,
That *Malice* it ſelf thinks his Pen a Diſgrace;
If ſo——yet Reſpect to the *Petticoat* ſure,
Chaſtiſement of leſſer Diſgrace might procure.
If thus they begin, [redacted] *ſurches and dam*
For it looks juſt as if he'd be *Tutchin'd* at laſt; *n faſt.*
Nay, if he were witty, and for it careſs'd,
To be *Thraſh'd for his Pains*---why it ſpoils all the (Jeſt:
But ſince He's ſo dull they might Pity the Creature,
To be angry with him's to be angry with Nature;

Beſides

Beſides 'tis in vain, were his Hide tew'd by Tan-
(ners,
They'd never beat into him Senſe or Good Manners.

Any may have the Quarterly Books *with the Muſick in them, or moſt of the other Single Papers to make up Sets, or* Indexes *to the Firſt Volume, to find what Queſtions have been anſwer'd (by directing to the Printers) brought home to their Houſes.*

SIR,

THE Letters from Antwerp Sept. 19th adviſe, that on Tueſday laſt the Town of Mons was inveſted on all Sides by 20000 Men, but the Trenches will not be open'd till the beginning of next Week, againſt which time they expect 10000 Pioneers, and above 200 pieces of Cannon and 50 Mortars; That the Prince of Naſſau is to have the Direction of the Siege, that the Garriſon conſiſts of 12 Battalions and 800 Horſe and Dragoons. The Advices from Bruſſels Sept. 19th are, that 'tis reported the French Army is Marching towards Maubeuge, and that they deſign to poſt themſelves between that place and Charleroy: That on the 15th Inſtant Lieutenant Collonel Kennedy return'd thither with 300 Foot and 150 Horſe under his Command, having ſafely brought to the Grand Army a great Convoy of Bread and other Neceſſaries conſiſting of about 1000 Waggons. 'Tis adviſ'd from his Grace the Duke of Marlborough's Camp at Havre Sept. 19th. that the neceſſary Diſpoſitions are made for the Siege of Mons, and the Prince of Naſſau Frieſland, who is to command the ſame, will take poſt to Morrow with 30 Battalions and as many Squadrons, that are appointed for that Service; His Highneſs is to have under him 3 Lieutenants-General, 8 Majors-General, and 3 Brigadiers; that the Duke of Marlborough has taken his Quarters in the Caſtle of Havre, where he will continue during the Siege; that Lieutenant-General Cadogan went Yeſterday for Bruſſels to haſten the March of the Artillery and Ammunition-Waggons deſign'd for this Siege, and a great Number of Horſes are ſent from the Army to aſſiſt in bringing up the ſame to the Camp; that the French are aſſembling their Army between Queſnoy and Valenciennes; and Deſerters report, that 'tis diſcours'd in their Camp, that they are to March towards Maubeuge and incamp between that Place and Charleroy, where they will be cover'd by the Sambre, and the Country being ſo difficult, that they think we ſhall not attack them in thoſe parts. The Letters from Genoa ſay, that Sir George Bing has taken a Great Fleet bound for France with Corn from Barbary, after having beaten their Convoy. Which is all from Yours, *&c.*

HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND TRADING Stock, without any Inſpection, Inſur'd, againſt Loſs by Fire, at the Rates following, *viz.* For ſeven Years you may Inſure 25 *l.* for 2*s.* 6 *d.* 50 *l.* for 5 *s.* 100 *l.* for 10 *s.* And after the ſame Rate for any greater Sum, Returnable with an Intereſt, deducting only what ſhall be paid for Loſſes by Fire. *By the Charitable Corporation for Relief of Induſtrious Poor, &c. in Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter*; who have 30 Watermen with Porters and Carts in Readineſs to help remove your Goods at Fires. *Attendance is given at the ſaid Houſe, and at the London* Coffee Houſe behind the *Royal-Exchange*, from 10 to 2, and from 3 to 6, Sundays and Holydays excepted. *Note*, There are Eſtates agreed to be ſettled on Truſtees, to make good the Prayment of the ſaid Money.

All are deſired to direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to be left at Mr. *Carters*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, at Mr. *Bickerton's*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in *Little Britain*, or at the Printers hereof; either with Queſtions, Subſcriptions, or for Indexes to our firſt Volume, which contains between 2 and 3000 Anſwers to Queſtions, for we ſhall not take notice of ſuch Queſtions again as have been anſwer'd therein. Our Rates are, 2*s.* per Quarter for the Weekly. 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with the Monthly, and the Quarterly Books 6 *d.* apiece. Thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to pay at Quarter-day 1 *d.* apiece for each they have had. No Queſtions out of the Country will be anſwer'd but where the Poſtage is paid.

Books of Guards for keeping the Papers in at 2 *s.* each, and Single Sheets to make up Sets, may be had on directing as above.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. *Roger Grant*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Couching the Cateract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *W. Jones*, at *Newington-Butts*, aged 20, born blind, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Robert Wedell*, in *Fiſhmonger's-Hoſpital*, *Newington*, aged 70, reſtored to Sight in 2 Minutes. *Mary Dearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, aged 75, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Bell-Alley Goſwell-Street*, blind of one Eye 23 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 Minutes. *Will Dixon*, in *Chelſea-College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 Minutes. *John Myers* on *Saffron-Hill*, blind by Obſtruction of the *Optick Nerves*, reſtor'd to Sight in a little time. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell-Street*. *Saywell Luthen*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal-Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs-keys* Tavern lower-end of St. *Martin's-Lane Strand*. Mr. *Godby* Porter, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. *NOTE*, Theſe Perſons with 35 others have been all cur'd by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant* ſince *Sept.* 1708.

NOTE, There not being room in the laſt *Monthly Paper* to put in the Baſs and Trumpet part to the Song, the whole is Engraven and Printed for *J. Walſh* and *Randal*, and may be had at their Shop in *Catherine-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, where is likewiſe Sold the neweſt Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick of all Sorts.

THE EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS of Mr. *William Croſſe*, Profeſſor of Phyſick and OCULIST, at his Houſe againſt *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, in Curing Diſtempers incident to the Eyes, is Evident by Teſtimonials frequently inſerted in the Publick Prints, under the Hands of ſuch Perſons as have happily experienc'd the ſame, who were by his Preſcriptions perfectly recover'd, after they had ineffectually apply'd themſelves to others.

READY Money for any Parcel or Library of Books, in all Languages and faculties whatever; likewiſe Books Exchang'd and lent to Read, by *Tho Bickerton*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* next the Gate-way leading into the *Blue-Coat-Hoſpital* by the Pump in *Little-Britain*.

Licentia Poetica diſcuſs'd: Or, the True Teſt of Poetry. Without which it is Impoſſible to *Judge of*, or *Compoſe*, A Correct Engliſh *Poem*: To which are added, *Critical Obſervations* on the Principal, Ancient and Modern Poets, viz. *Homer*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, *Milton*, *Waller*, *Cowley*, *Dryden*, &c. as frequently liable to Juſt Cenſure. With ſome Remarks alſo on my Lord Duke of *Marlborough's* and Maj. Gen. *Stanhope's* Letters Commendatory of the Earl of *Peterborow's* Valor and Conduct in *Spain*, as the occaſional Ground for an Excellent Epic. Poem. *London*; Printed for *William Carter*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* in St. *Paul's Church-yard*, 1709.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.